

Two Poets of the Peasantry

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It is a little presumptuous and a little
precious, perhaps,
for mortals to talk so. For the Graces are
Immortals; and
we, all too human. But in essentials, I think,
he would
have agreed; being, indeed, far nearer in his
Perigord,
despite time and space, to Hesiod than to
Langland, to
Helicon than to the Malvern Hills.